



the  
**CALIFORNIA**  
 Christmas 1936 number

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CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, TUESDAY, DEC. 22, 1936

NUMBER 48

**MERRY CHRISTMAS AND  
HAPPY NEW YEAR**

By O. R. SEEVER

Christmas Day, the generally accepted anniversary of the birth of Jesus Christ, December 25, is one of the greatest festivals of the Christian world. It is observed as a holiday almost throughout the universe. It is a day of thanksgiving, rejoicing and good cheer, or should be.

Widespread as is its observance, it is more or less apocryphal in origin and nobody knows who first celebrated it, when, where or how. That it is the proper anniversary of Christ's nativity nobody knows.

The period of the winter solstice had been from remote antiquity a season of festivities. It can be traced back centuries before the birth of Christ. In the early Christian era the nativity of Christ was celebrated in April. Later it was transferred to May and, by some, to September. It was not until the Fourth Century A.D. that St. John Chrysostom, after much research and inquiry, fixed the date December 25.

In the older times Christmas was celebrated in wild revels and wanton debauchery. This was particularly

**PLEASE SANTA CLAUS  
COME TO CARMEL**

Blond Jessie Brown wants a sailing sloop and twin sister Helen would like a mink sweater coat.

Pat Hudgings hopes he'll get a horse and buggy.

Burney Segal would be happy with the City Park.

Katie Zahler in Whitney's has her fingers crossed for a nice new shiny Packard to use in the taxi business.

Gorum Jackson says that he's already peaked. He's going to get some pale blue cutting flannel pajamas with feet on them.

By Ford says that he'll be satisfied if his stocking is filled with a few of the mannequins in the recent American Legion Fashion Show.

Frank Hedding is filled with the Christmas Spirit and hopes that all of his friends have a Happy Christmas.

Walker, who makes our shoes shiny, has always wanted a nice comfortable house. He also thinks that an extra pair of arms and legs would be very helpful.

H. Franklin Dixon wishes he could have his baby teeth back. He was interviewed just after a sleep with the dentist.

**The Christ of Innocence**

What time the angels gathered overhead  
 And night drew down a veil too thin to hide  
 The glory that on face and field was shed  
 Behold the heavenly host enraptured cried:  
 "Glory to God who from the highest sent  
 Peace unto earth, and to all men goodwill!"  
 And by those words a miracle was lent,  
 A promise that is clear and shining still.  
 For not in stored days of long ago  
 Alone, the Christ of Innocence was born,  
 But here and now wherever warm hearts glow  
 The Christmas glory comes to light the dawn.  
 The tidings of great joy in legend told  
 Reveal a truth that knows no growing old.

—Daniel Hawthorne.

## COMMUNITY HOSPITAL NURSES' COTTAGE

Plans are being made to erect a nurses' cottage at the Peninsula Community Hospital. It was decided at a board meeting of trustees one week ago Friday. (This newspaper is turning into an almanac.) Board Chairman W. W. Powell came from Los Angeles to attend.

Tentative plans have been made for some time to build such a cottage in order that space be made available in the nurses' wing for hospital beds.

The cottage will be a one-story structure costing in the neighborhood of \$7,000, and will be erected on the southern corner of the grounds.

The construction is expected to begin some time in January. Living quarters will be provided for ten nurses, the reports state. It is believed that the present nurses' wing will be converted into the obstetrical ward.

Other directors present at the meeting were J. R. McMenamy, Byington Ford, John H. Thommen, Mrs. Olga Fish, H. A. Lee and A. W. Whedon, all residents of the peninsula.

## Attractive Things and "How Much"

The Big Day is almost here, and this department has been pounding the pavements, window shopping for your season's greetings to Aunt Minnie and that whoosie little Nanner has been wanting for so long. The Carpet shops have so many pretty and unusual things you'll hardly have to step outside the city limits to get the proper Christmas cheer for everyone on your list.

If you've forgotten Aunt Minnie, for instance, or if you haven't seen her for years, a vase is a safe bet. Marie's Treasure Chest has some lovely ones—a charming Rockwood, signed, which means that it is absolutely the only one of its kind, is only \$15. For less investment the Little Gallery offers baskets filled with tropical fruits and preserves from \$1.50 to \$10. The contents alone are well worth the money, but when Aunt M. (or anyone else) has eaten

her way to the bottom, the Mexican basket will still be on hand, waiting to be used for any number of things. Even less than that are the purses at the Dew King shop. They are made of some amazing printed material, could serve with either evening or daytime wear, look like a million, and cost—thirty-five cents.

Your best girl need never go begging, be she Mother, Sister, or just Gal. As a bit of pure frivolity nothing could be more Christmasy than a Santa Claus, wreathed in fur and sporting a brilliant red nose and a red bag of candy canes, but when you come right down to it, Santa is a cake of Elizabeth Arden soap and the candy canes are sachets. Surprise! This can be acquired at the Carmel Drug Store for \$4. It seems unnecessary to mention that they also have any number of delicate perfumes in all sizes, fragrances, and prices. If your best girl turns up her nose at these, it will be to sniff Gossamer. Something extra special in the way of perfumes are the Mary Chase things. Both perfume—the calls it Roman Bath—in a package of seven vials for \$5—several for various latherings—and a large bottle for \$6.50. Mary Chase perfume is a perfect and exclusive gift; the bottles run from the \$1.75 size to the \$10 size and incredible as it sounds, they smell exactly like the flowers they are named for. Bits of the various feminine creams and make-up are hard to beat. You'll find them there too all the way from \$1.50 to \$25. There are two especially attractive ones by Elizabeth Arden for \$6 and \$11. And don't miss the manicure sets. As the crowning (but practical) joke they have a jar of 4711 bath salts, but what a jar—11 pounds for \$11. Much more economical that way if you want to stop and spare it out.

Mother or the bride or any housekeeper would love some Mexican pottery. It's most decorative besides being oven-proof. Prices are up from only seventy-five cents. The Little Gallery has these as well as some unique coral trees, wonderful for flower holders or pure decoration, for \$3 and under and, for the less serious minded, a goliath wooden duckhawk with four spools of thread strung along him. This for only seventy-five cents—thread and all. At the five to a dollar there are some more boons for housewives. If you're

inclined to bring home a down or such, Cinderella, Red Riding Hood, Black Santa and a great many more first bring mother plenty of their slick cocktail glasses at ten cents per glass and a set of plaid chino, white with borders of two shades of green and yellow, blue and yellow, or orange and yellow. Even if you don't plan on entertaining lavishly, spend \$1.94 and bring her a fetching set of colored mixing bowls.

In the cocktail line Macbeth's have one of the most original things yet—little trays in white with a gold trim of hand-painted flowers and leaves. They are, obvious by this time, metal with a sort of flange to get a grip on and a raised edge to keep the spillage from the carpet. Difficult to describe but lovely to behold. These are hand-made, \$1.25, and ashtrays to match come at \$1. An inexpensive way to give the best girl a reputation for my dear, the most charming hostess! Among other items there were some sets of ashtrays, hand-painted pottery with a complete cover covering of water. Nothing could be better for the terrace or patio as they're almost impossible to mix or break.

Jewelry is always nice, of course. While meandering around Marie's Treasure Chest this department fell flat for silver ring set in gold, hand-wrought in a flower design. Perfect for \$15. However, there are plenty of very inexpensive jewels for those who can't resist the cheap-jade factor.

Little Max probably likes to draw pictures. To keep him out of your feet continue drop in at the store to a dollar and get him one or a dozen big beautiful picture books. Or if he's more studious, there is an inspiring array of literature for fifteen cents.

## Carmel Bakery

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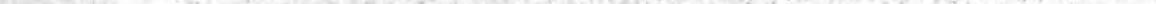
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## CARMEL ART GALLERY'S EXHIBIT FOR DECEMBER

It is to be hoped that after reading the impressions herein expressed, you will grab your hat and run for the art gallery. After all culture (pronounced culture) is not a thing that you can, after once having acquired it, wrap up and lay aside. It's more like golf, you've got to practice. And it will be excellent practice for you to go to our local Museum of Art and brush up on your appreciation.

First of all, in the main salon you will find Mrs. Ethel Warren, the curator, who will gladly answer your most erudite questions.

On the walls you will observe the paintings of Armin Hansen, John O'Shea, Burton Boundy, Celia Seymour, Thomas McGlynn, Miss J. M. Culbertson, Dame Vulestich, Paul Whitman, Charlotte Morgan, M. De Neale Morgan, Ferdinand Burgdorff, Paul Dougherty, William Ritschel, Mary C. Scovel, Charles B. Hudson and Eddie M. Heath.

These might be reasons:—Armin Hansen's "Empire Builders" for its atmospheric feeling of dust on the plains; John O'Shea's Portrait of a Little Oriental Boy because there are thousands and thousands of him and the color is excellent; Burton Boundy's "Mountain Ranch", for its definiteness; Celia Seymour's "Curving Beach", of pleasing composition; Thomas McGlynn's "Tree", an interesting treatment of ye old subject; Miss Culbertson's "Zinnias", a flower-like flower study; Dame Vulestich's "Sketch", his imaginative reaction to color; Paul Whitman's "Mackerel Fishing", grand composition and a marvelous treatment; Charlotte Morgan's "Carmel from Point Lobos", very nice rhythm; De Neale Morgan's "Beach Play", fresh and happy; Ferdinand Burgdorff's "A Miner's Hope", effective color and placement; Paul Dougherty's "Portrait" numbered 10, a subtly colored, warm work; William Ritschel's "Market Scene", subject skilfully treated; Mary C. Scovel's "Golden Wheat Fields", very advanced in feeling; Charles B. Hudson's "Buttes, Colorado Desert" for its feeling of repose; Eddie Heath's "Jumble Weed" warm and unrestrained.

Those who have their etchings displayed are Joseph Bennett, Abbie Lou Bosworth, Ferdinand Burgdorff, J. V. Cannon, Ross Crossman, Armin Hansen, Charles Bradford Hudson, Charles Orson Horton, Gene Kloss, Jeannette Maxfield Lewis, M. de Neale Morgan, L. A. Schrott, Paul Whitman.

Favorites are "The Klva" and "Night Ceremony of the Penitent" by Gene Kloss; Armin Hansen's "Storm Driven" and "Cowboy Sport".

Get the habit. Visit your Art Gallery at least once a month, and keep the mental scavengers away.

### ATTRACTIVE THINGS

(Continued from page 2)

If the gentleman is one of the hard-to-shop-for or has-everything variety, present him with some Burgundy to go with Christmas dinner. Clos de Vougeot at about \$2, perhaps. He can never have enough Scotch or brandy, so for the small sum of \$4.25 procure him a bottle of fifteen-year-old Scotch, Hedges and Butler's Vat 200. If brandy is his passion, \$14 will fix him up with some eighty-year-old Hedges and Butler or Courvoisier. Perhaps he doesn't drink or doesn't smoke, but he must have a favorite chair. Favorite chairs are generally used to death and a bight to your period living room. Order some upholstering material from the lovely samples at Macbeth's and disguise the old wreck.

The gift for all the family can be a book and be assured of cheers of welcome. Spencer's House of Cards is featuring the books of Don Blanding—and autographed by him, which is something to show the grandchildren. The Adobe Book Shop in Monterey has a large selection of all kinds of books (as well as gifts) and will order you post haste anything not in stock. If the family would like a dog (is there anyone present who hasn't a dog?) the Del Monte Kennels has the very best in Welsh Terriers and Poodles, but don't forget the pup you already have. Go to the Pet Shop in Monterey and get your best friend a stocking full

### PRESIDIO DRAMATISTS PLAY EXCELLENT

No better vehicle than "This Thing Called Love" could have been chosen for the Presidio Dramatic Club's opening venture. It was a fast moving, rollicking comedy, well directed and exceptionally well-acted, inasmuch as most of the actors had had very little, if any, previous experience behind the footlights.

The story centers around two characters, Tico Collins, played by Lieut. Leydecker, and Ann Marvin, played by Mrs. Kendall. The former, never having had the "soothing" influence of a home, greatly desires a wife. The latter, disillusioned by her sister's marital battles, is more in favor of marriage as a business arrangement.

Tico Collins and Ann Marvin enter into an agreement whereby they will marry and retain their freedom unhampered by nagging and jealous bickering.

To the casual spectator the results are truly wonderful. Such leads his own unquestioned, private life, Ann besieged by Normie De Witt (the villain!), played by Lieut. Bayne; Miss Alvarez, interpreted by Mrs. Gillis, acting as the dark menace in Tico's affairs. This arrangement apparently works so well that Ann's sister and her brother-in-law, Mrs. Schwarze and Lieut. Tetley, decide to "try again", this time patterning their married life on the Collins'.

Just about this time love flies in the window and complicates matters no end, by inciting jealousy, suspicion and tears. However, the villain has not been accounted for, and in a drunken rage he attempts to shoot Tico. The bullet is intercepted by Ann. The curtain falls on a happy ending.

Very adequate support is given by Mrs. Feagin and Lieut. Pothier as a married couple, friends of the principles. The butler and maid are played by Chaplain Merrill and Mrs. Lipscomb. A great deal of credit goes to Major Devine, the director, and his producing staff who labored under such great handicaps as insufficient lighting equipment, and a small, crowded stage. It seems these defects could have been bettered by the selection of less massive stage furniture and a more pleasingly colored set.

The costumes were beautiful, and the seating arrangements were adequate. A good view of the stage could be had from any part of the house.

All in all "This Thing Called Love" was well worth while and a challenge to Carmel's theatre groups.

Among the Carmelites glummed were Dr. MacDougal, Mr. and Mrs. George Rapp, Carl von Salza, Mrs. Gwen Stearns, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Dixon and Mr. Zo Elliot.

of biscuits and toys, a rubber bone, a ball, or almost anything.

Your cousin back east couldn't help but be thrilled by a luscious silk kimono (\$6.75), a wool challis bed jacket in oriental design (\$2.50), or a pair of Chinese silk pajamas made to order in any color for \$13.50. All of these are at the Der Ling Shop, and don't miss their Japanese prints in all sizes and all prices. They are mounted, ready for framing, and are in keeping with any style or period of decoration. Said cousin couldn't procure these things in the states east for much less than twice the price—if she could get them at all.

Well, Carmel, of Thee I sing, and it will have to be more or less all over the place, I can see that.

Carmel—where nature saves up her dreariest weather for the tourist season and every third resident sells real estate.

Where you pass the Teenie Weenie Tidbit Shoppe on your way to an astounding Bach Festival.

Where the stray dogs get red ribbon bows for Christmas—

Where George Stirling lived and

## All Over the Place With Irene Alexander

The Editor asked me to do a column.

Every week.

What fun!

But right away he wanted a name for it!

Put me on a spot.

Think how embarrassing it would have been for Mrs. Dixie, if she had gone ahead and had the cards engraved, and licked all the stamps, and posted them—and maybe named it after the Archbishop of Canterbury!

Besides I'm busy.

Suppose I called it "Lions Have Loved and Lost" for example, and then ran into a lion who didn't go in for autographs or biographies—you know, too busy or something.

Or suppose I called it "Weather Permitting" and concentrated on drama al fresco, and then they had to sell the Forest Theatre after all, to pay the taxes. You can see where that would leave me as a columnist.

"The Party Line" would give me a good start—but you never can tell. I might not get asked to all the parties.

Of course there's always politics, but what is one to do in those weeks when nobody wants to open up a kindergarten school on the Point, or after the City Council gets through picking out the Christmas Tree ornaments?

And what's the use of talking about the Big Outside World? Most of the subscribers came here to get away from it, didn't they?

Still, once in a while I might want to make a passing allusion to it—an unfavorable comparison or something.

I know a very amusing story one of the dear dead Lions once told me. Maybe I'll want to tell it sometime.

I can't help talking about the Forest Theatre, and saying, "Do You remember when they used both balls for the king's pearls in 'Merod'? Ah, but Bruce Monahan was proper man, and she always came in with her bear!"

There's something to be said for the creative mind relaxed over its cakes and ale, too. There was an afternoon when Mary Austin gave a tea party at the little inn out by the Mission. And who knows, when the highway gets ready to poke a new finger into Carmel's ribs, and the question of whether it comes in straight and dull and businesslike, or loops whimsically around the pine trees on its way becomes a Burning Issue—that might furnish inspiration. If I'm dedicated to reviewing the output of the local poets that week, it would be just my luck to have none of them mention so much as a steam shovel!

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Where you pass the Teenie Weenie Tidbit Shoppe on your way to an astounding Bach Festival.

Where the stray dogs get red ribbon bows for Christmas—

Where George Stirling lived and

wrote and the shops remind you of Palm Springs.

Where the town's most hardboiled newspaper man writes fantasies for children—

Where the most unassuming restaurant owner has made a life-long study of international finance—

Where they used to have three theatres running in the summer and nobody left over for audience—

Where they have the loveliest beach in the world and nary a roller coaster—

Where the local movie palace has plush carpets and bank nights and you can always get up an armed vigilantes band sans mask by threatening to cut down a tree, even if it's in the middle of the street.

No, Mr. Editor, it's too much of a temptation—you'll have to let me ramble all over the place!

### Branch Post Office

Postmistress Irene Oster has provided additional postal facilities to handle package delivery during the Christmas bustle. A branch office has been opened next to Stanford's drug store.

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**The Californian**

FORMERLY THE CARMEL SUN

Published Every Tuesday

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**MERRY CHRISTMAS  
AND HAPPY NEW YEAR**

(Continued from page D)

tree in France as late as the 16th century. Wild riot, drunkenness, blasphemy and licentiousness characterized the Christmas festivities. In England the revelry was but slightly less shocking. In December, 878, Alfred, the King of England, was in the midst of drunken orgy and wild revelry when the Danes surprised him and his men at arms, administered a severe defeat, and Alfred became a fugitive. In those days Christmas holidays began December 16 and ended on January 6. The entire period was given up to sports and carnival. Gargantuan banquets and feasts were served and tons of ale and liquor consumed. There was much ceremony and many peculiar customs. One of these was the right of the maid servant to ask the man for ivy to decorate the house. If the man refused or neglected to comply the maid stole a pair of his breeches and nailed them to the gate. The gentlemen went to church early in order to get back in time for breakfast on bacon, mustard and marmalade. They used mustard to develop a thirst. Brown was a dish prepared from the flesh of wild boars that had been fattened by a particular process.

With the rise of Puritanism in England the ancient custom of making Christmas a season of gluttony, drunkenness and lewdness came into challenge. The Puritans regarded the celebrations more pagan than Christian. Even in New England our Puritans observed Christmas with rigid decorum and simplicity.

Christmas Day is very extensively mixed up with superstitions and traditions.

In Germany, Christmas, from the earliest period, has been celebrated with many distinctive customs and ceremonies. The giving of presents at Christmas time is of Teutonic origin.

Santa Claus, that familiar figure of the modern Christmas, comes from a corrupt contraction of the legendary Sankt Nikolaus, the patron saint of children, the Dutch Kris Kringle. That such a Saint ever lived has no authentic verification. St. Nicholas Day was originally December 6. He is no way associated with the natal anniversary of our Saviour. However, Santa Claus is a fine old fellow and no one has ever been known to take a "shot at him." He is one of the few characters that has escaped the breath of suspicion or the stigma of scandal.

In Scandinavia, more than with any other people, Christmas is an important and solemn ceremonial. It is a season of peace and good-will. It is from Scandinavia we get the legend of the Yule-log. It is one of the most ancient of traditional folk lore, going back to the legends of Thor and Odin.

Yankee commercialism has made the most of the Teutonic custom of present giving. The Christmas trade in tin toys and gimbrels is purely American in origin. It has made a Christmas an occasion of foolish spending and extravagant giving. Christmas carols and the sacred-

**EDITORIAL**

- \* It's Christmas time. Everyday things should be forgotten.
- \* There should be plenty of well-browned foods, good wine and candle light.
- \* There should be pleasant reminiscences before crackling fires.
- \* There should be family gatherings.
- \* There should be great hospitality, and singing and dancing, yea, even a little shouting.
- \* There should be a little glow of contentment in each face.
- \* There should be laughter, and the giving away of many smiles.
- \* There should be a sense of well-being and peace.
- \* We're trying to say, as Charles Dickens said: "Many Merry Christmases, friends, great accumulation of cheerful recollections, affection on earth, and heaven at last for us all."
- \* And—"Have you seen God's Christmas tree in the sky,  
With its trillions of tapers blazing high?"

ness of the day has been sacrificed to commercial exploitation. We are gradually drifting back to the customs of the dark ages. Jesus Christ was our spiritual saviour, not a satyr or a spendthrift.

The Christmas card is more or less recent as an atrocity and public nuisance. It dates back to about 1848. It started in London, modestly and inconspicuously. Here again our shrewd commercial spirit saw an opportunity. Christmas cards have become an industry of a major magnitude. It has only one advantage: the most inexpensive method of remembrance.

The Christmas Tree has no historical foundation or sacred significance. It is purely impudent. One of the legends makes Martin Luther responsible for the custom. It probably originated in Germany. The earliest record of the Christmas Tree goes back to about 1600. It was introduced into Munich in 1830 by Queen Caroline. The Duchess Helena of Orleans brought it to France in 1840. The Christmas Tree was unknown in England prior to Queen Victoria's time.

The German emigrants introduced the tree idea to America. It caught hold immediately. Now it is one of our established industries. Our Saviour was not born in vain. His natal day is eagerly looked forward to as a season for selling. Should some one, reverently inclined, suggest we observe the day in song and simple respect for the humble Narrator, he would promptly receive a vociferous Bronx cheer. However, no one need celebrate Christmas if he does not want to. It is not as yet compulsory. A few of the wise have learned that the best time to buy cocktail shakers, sweaters, gloves and neckties in ornamented boxes is right after the first of the year. They are then generally marked down to one-half of the original price asked. At that you are not getting much of a bargain. The true and proper spirit of Christmas has never been more beautifully expressed than in Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" in which genuine goodness and real benevolence are interpreted with the genius and sincerity of which Dickens was the master. It awakened the nobler sentiments and made Christmas Day a festival worth of the one whose natal day it commemorates.

Gurru!! Did you know that there are supposed to be about 500 more single women in Carmel than men? We are overjoyed to report that we have located a new bachelor to bring down this terrible overhead. He's planning to stay, too; even building a house. Anyone wishing to know who he is, write a 500,000 word essay on why you do. Send it to The Californian. For the best essay his telephone number will be the prize.

We could find only a few city Christmas Shoppers. The slogan, "Buy Carmel," must be having a good influence. We suspect Mrs. Jack Jordan and Mrs. A. E. Sparks of ran of the Point.

**• PERSONALLY SPEAKING •**

If anyone noticed an anxious expression akin to parental alarm on the handsome countenance of Carl von Salza this week it can be explained by the fact that Carl carelessly left two ten-gallon barrels

taking advantage of the Christmas shopping excuse to get a change of scenery.

Hildreth and Dick Masten are dispensing Christmas Spirit in their lovely house at the Highlands. They will entertain at dinner on Christmas day Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Sparks, both with a flourish after an all-day Mrs. Clara MacGowan, Mrs. Virginie Carr, Mrs. Marion Kerr, and Jean and Cynthia Carr.

Mr. and Mrs. Barry Clark have moved to the Village from Berkeley. They have taken the Montgomery house on the corner of San Antonio and 18th. A very welcome addition to Carmel's younger married set.

Did you notice the really stupendous number of first, second, third and fourth cousins our Mrs. Simpson acquired when it was thought she might have become queen? As public opinion changed there was a great falling off of quotations from her erstwhile kinspeople. They're just beginning to come out of their shells again.

Mr. James Curtin and his daughter, Miss Florence, dined and wined Mrs. Elizabeth Curran and her son Tom, and Mr. John Todd and his daughter, on Thursday.

It has been noticed that several young blades about town have been muttering to themselves about city slickers and such. It was a bit mystifying until we heard that that old smoothie, Bud Todd, is due back in town after a term at the University of Oregon. That can mean only one thing; that a certain young lady will be taken out of circulation—hence the mumblings of dissatisfaction.

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Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Dixon were hosts at dinner to Captain and Mrs. Crandall, Mrs. Gwen Stearns, and Mr. Alonso Elliott. The party afterwards attended the performance of "This Thing Called Love", at the Presidio Officers' Club.

Tom Curran of Kettleman Hills will spend the Christmas week-end with his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Curran and Mrs. A. E. Sparks of ran of the Point.

**CHRISTMAS PARTIES IN SUNSET SCHOOL**

Any passerby walking near Sunset School last Friday must have thought Christmas had arrived a week early. Glimpses of brightly lighted trees, matches of carols, and happy laughter filled the air. Certainly I for one could not resist the temptation to visit a few of these gay parties.

When I "obeyed that impulse" I went first into Mrs. Lockwood's room. There I found mothers and children enjoying a class-made movie, as well as ice cream and cake against a crimson background.

Cards from the Fifth Grade beckoned me there to find a silver tree and many gaily wrapped presents hanging in rows from strings.

Mrs. Unsell's room I found wearing a brightly colored border of Christmas spatter-prints, while the pupils enjoyed a Christmas feast.

A village scene with snow-covered pine trees formed the background for a merry party in Mr. Gale's room.

I caught a glimpse of bright ornaments in Mrs. Johnson's Seventh Grade as I hurried to follow the sound of cheery music from accordions. Just as I entered the Eighth Grade the music ceased and I found I had come at the big moment of the afternoon, with Mr. Hull and Mr. Lagomni presenting a heart-stirring rendition of Romeo and Juliet. I noticed that the sadness of the play did not prevent the class from heartily enjoying ice cream and cookies, and I am sure if Shakespeare looked down from on high that it didn't spoil his Christmas either!

All in all, Sunset School presented a very different scene at these afternoon festivities from the solemn beauty of the Nativity Play which they presented the night before, and it was plain to see that the pupils enjoy all sides of the Christmas spirit.

—Jacqueline Klein.

**Pebbles On the Beach**

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hunt plan to leave soon for Pasadena, where they have entered their horses for the winter racing.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan recently returned from New York, and have taken up their residence in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bachelder have returned from an extended trip in the Orient, and have reopened their home.

Mr. Emil Riesel, Lodge chef, is acting as both mother and father to his two sons. Mrs. Riesel is recovering in Carmel Hospital from a minor operation.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brawner, Pasadena, came up to fetch their daughter, who attends Douglas School, home for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. John Magee are planning a short visit to Palm Springs.

Among the recent arrivals at the Lodge were Mrs. Cyril Damon, Honolulu, Mr. N. Paschal Jr., Mr. Thomas Eastland, Jr., and Mr. A. McFadden of San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Courtland Hill, recent guests at the Lodge, are planning to return to St. Paul to visit Mr. Louis Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Dorcy have returned to Pebble Beach, and will entertain their friends in the home of Mrs. Dorcy's father, Mr. Louis Hill.

Miss Mary Morse, who is attending the Dominican Convent at San Rafael, will spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. B. Morse.

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Tyrell Martin were the dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Sinclair.

**Douglas School Enjoys Christmas Revels**

The traditional pageantry and Christmas revels was enjoyed by the students of the Douglas School before they began the holiday vacation. The assembly hall of the school was decked with wreaths and greens. The Revels depicted the old English Christmas with the carol singing, the colorful processions, and include many characters.

The Boar's head was carried by David Snook. His brother, Cedric, was the Courier. The Wassail Bowl, with its steaming brew, was brought in by Fred Stanley. Yule log bearers were Buddie Clark and Glenn McCaskay. On top of the log Richie Masten was riding, dressed as a yeoman. The jesters were Barbara Ames and Mickey Grinstead. Christmas Angels were Dorothy Bell, Lee Louise Van Es and Joan Jorgenson, and Barbara Jenkins. Peasants were Peter Marsh, Rufus Hayden, Jeff and Jean Scoville.

Important parts of the pageant were taken by June McDurdy, Frances Topping, Tomatina Mix and Charlotte Joyce. Patty Ball was the Rich Woman, Peggy Wheaton and Nancy Abrams were beautiful ladies.

Kenny Clark was a priest, Gertrude Brawner was the Angel, Phyllis Havenstrite was a wise man. Louis Young made a royal King. The angel chorus was made up of Winifred Van Es, Doris Crossman, Henriette Yates, Rose Marie Mattimore, Nancy Tiedeman and Pamela Marsh.

Barbara Jenkins and Lee Louise Van Es added to the joy of the morning by their carols. Winifred Van Es danced a gypsy dance during the revels.

Dick Collins, publicity and athletic director, was ably assisted by Miss Jerry Flint of Beverly Hills who has been a house guest at the school. Mr. Seidenbeck has had the art class painting the sets, and Mrs. Yates and Miss Thompson have taught the music. Nancy Abrams and Rose Marie Mattimore assisted Miss Lathrop with costuming.

Santa Claus is expected by Clipper ship after the Revels.

Mr. and Mrs. George Ingels of Petaluma have completed the transaction involving the sale of two lots on North Camino Real. They plan to begin building very soon.

**Carmel Lights**

In this little column from week to week will be brought to light little known facts about well-known Carmelites. Some of them will be humorous, some of them serious, all, we hope, will be interesting.

Someone once said, "Tell me a man's hobby and I will tell you what manner of man he is." Just who it was, we don't remember. But we do know it wasn't a Carmelite, and so his name has no business in this column, anyway.

But the fact remains that Carmel is a very fertile field for hobbies. Perhaps it is because so many of its residents are retired and find that time hangs heavily on their hands, or because the artistic atmosphere of the place gives to everyone the urge to be "doing something."

To many of these hobbyists, Carmel owes the preservation of its colorful background both ancient and modern. Louis Steven has a complete collection of photographs of Carmel streets and scenes in the early days when horse and buggy was the universal mode of travel.

Harry Downie has a photographic record of Carmel's world-famous mission. These photographs, some of them sketches made by early-day explorers, have been sent him from all parts of the world. The latest came from Edinburgh a few days ago.

Burned wood of the Theater of the Golden Bough, for many years a famous Carmel landmark, is being preserved by Commander Ralph Hickey in an elaborately carved table which he is making for his home.

James Cook's extensive stamp collection has definitely put Carmel on the map as far as the philatelists of the country are concerned.

Allan Hoffman has one of the greatest collections of theatrical programs and plays in the United States and Bert Heron has a perfect series of programs of Forest theater productions.

As might be expected, the hobby of Mrs. Robinson Jeffers is an unusual one. She collects unicorn. Just why, we don't know, unless it is because her first name is Una. At any rate one of the fabulous figures may be seen set over the doorway leading to the stone tower in which Robinson Jeffers composes his poetry.

Jeffers is one prophet who is not without honor in his own town. Many Carmelites collect his first editions. One of the finest collections is that owned by Miss Clara M. Taft.

Pebbles on the beach (no relation to the column by the same name which appears elsewhere in this newspaper) are the hobby of Mrs. R. L. Grubill. She polishes them and studs them into the fireplace where they make an unusual and artistic decoration.

To some, the mere writing of letters is a hobby, but Col. C. Harry Hathaway has gone further than this. He decorates each one with an elaborate hand-drawn border that is really a work of art.

You've heard of Father playing with Junior's toy train? Well, Mrs. C. W. Hollis still plays with a doll's house. And what a doll's house! It's complete with bathroom, kitchen, two bedrooms, living room and dining room, all of which are exquisitely furnished.

A fully rigged boat perched on top of his house is Allen Knight's pride and joy. He asserts it is the one and only boat ever owned by the short-lived Carmel Yacht Club which was one of the gayest publicity stunts ever foisted upon an unsuspecting public.

**REALTY BOARD**

The Monterey Peninsula Realty Board, at its regular monthly meeting last Monday in Normandy Inn, elected the following officers to serve for the new year:

Al Files, president, to succeed Jack Beaumont; Miss Elizabeth McClellan White, of Carmel, vice-president, to succeed J. P. Poyer; J. L. Schroeder, Carmel, to succeed himself.

Plans were made to assist the California Real Estate Association in perfecting arrangements for the inaugural ceremonies to be conducted January 9, in Hotel Del Monte, at which time Eugene F. Dayton, Salinas, will become state president of the Association.

Invitations will be extended to real estate brokers, salesmen, bankers and others interested.

Governor MacRae has promised to be present. J. Mortimer Clark,

**Former Resident Expires In South**

Mrs. George M. Dorwart, former prominent resident of Carmel, who had been seriously ill for some time, died early Friday morning in her home in Pasadena.

She is survived by a son, George Dorwart, Jr., a senior at California Institute of Technology. Burial services were conducted Saturday in Pasadena.

Mrs. Dorwart moved from Carmel about three years ago to make a home for her son in Pasadena.

Joseph Schaeffer Jr. is home from the University of California for the holidays.

State real estate commissioners, and members of the advisory board will also attend the meeting.

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T.M. 141

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## CARMEL NOT COCKEYED BUT DIFFERENT, INSISTS OLD TIMER

By HAL GARROTT

"How do you like this town?" asked an old timer, addressing a newcomer as they held down a bench in Devonier Park, and began a conversation after the fashion of men.

"Oh, so-so, stranger—but it ain't what I expected."

"What's wrong with it?" queried the Carmelite.

"Oh, nothing, I guess, only I used to read the newspapers about the place, and maybe I expected too much."

The old-timer laughed softly. "We had a couple of bright newspaper boys living here when you read those yarns. One of them invited his city editor down from San Francisco to attend a council meeting, and all unsuspecting the city fathers put on a great show. The reporter got a confederate to send in a letter asking permission to establish a nudist colony in the city. The debate the council put on caused a near riot.

The very next letter read by the clerk, was an application from an undertaker asking permission to open an 'art mortuary parlor.' The slogan on his letter head (swiped from a New York candy firm) guaranteed 'Happiness in Every Box,' and a woman attendant was promised so that ladies would receive every respect in death they enjoyed in life. The letter of course was a fake, but the reporters saw to it that every newspaper in the country carried the stories."

"Yes, I seem to remember it," said the newcomer. "And didn't I read that your pavements were colored so as not to offend artistic eyes, and that one street was paved with gold?"

"You did. Many years ago a prospector panned gold in what is now Fourth street at Camino Real. It was a creek bed, and not much better now. I saved a woman from drowning there five years ago. She was stalled in an auto and the street was a raging torrent."

"Speaking of women, isn't this something of a woman's town?"

"Yes, so much so, many of them wear pants to make the place look more manly. And we have women's clubs for every kind of uplift from gardening to current events. Why, when we first came here, the maiden lady neighbors couldn't get used to my wife's having a husband. Husband," snorted one of them, when I was introduced, "where do you get them things?"

"In the old days the town was simple compared to what it is now with its traffic jams, luxurious homes and business blocks. Nobody ever thought of locking his house or his car, there was so little crime. Our police force, Gus England, used to spend his time on the beach training his horse to do tricks. And police judge Fraser refused to draw his salary, till he figured a way to earn it by giving free legal advice to citizens in distress.

"If a woman complained she'd been robbed of her pocketbook, like as not the judge would fish it out of a drawer with a smile and say, 'You mean you lost it, madam.' The police court was just a lost and found office, till one day a resident knocked down a reporter for sending in a story he objected to. The reporter had him arrested, and the resident demanded a jury trial. It was the most exciting event the town had had in years. Every other juror was in Who's Who, and in the crowd that jammed the court room were such celebrities as Lincoln Steffens, James Hopper, Bill Winter, Frederick Buehdorf, Perry Newberry."

"Funny lot of people must of lived here then," observed the newcomer.

"Yes, and now, too. Folks objected to street lights, house numbers, concrete sidewalks and curbs, mail delivery to homes, neon lights, business signs, cutting down any tree, even

if they stood right in the middle of the road. Why, the council actually met in the middle of the street once to decide if a limb was to be cut off because it grew into a citizen's sleeping porch, and tickled his toes when he went to bed."

"No—" gasped the newcomer. "But say, didn't I read about this town's being famous for something or other—lettuce or artichokes, or was it authors? Say, maybe you can show me an author—"

"Forget it," said the old timer modestly. "You're talking to one now. We used to have a lot of good shows here in the old days—Forest Theater, Golden Bough, Dummy-Watrous Gallery, Abalone League—but they're all gone. Merchants didn't take business very seriously then. A hardware man just across the street from here spent his days training a trick police dog, and at night he wrote light opera.

"Christmas Eve he played Santa Claus, gave presents to all the children in town, after they and their parents had sung carols under that big tree. At Easter he hid eggs all over the place, and gave prizes to the kiddies that found the most. A retired clergyman got the whole town sailing kites, and imported fancy ones from China.

"Folks used to get together on the beach for picnics. But that's all gone. The town's grown up, I guess. But it still has a hangover from the old days. We haven't much in the way of street lights and pavements. One builder used to amuse himself constructing houses as quaint as anything in Alice in Wonderland. If you don't believe it, I'll show you one across from the bank on Dolores street. But I guess the builders changed with the town—says he's outgrown cute houses."

"Folks used to wear overalls, sweaters, any old thing to swell concerta. Now you see tuxes. We once had four shows going on at the same time. Now you're lucky to find one good movie. We used to have the only legitimate theaters in the county. Now instead of little theaters, we've got seventeen out of the forty-eight real estate firms spread over all of Monterey and San Benito counties, and they can't find houses fast enough for the crowd that's coming here to live."

"Aw cheer up," said the newcomer.

### Cub Christmas Party

Cub Pack 36, Carmel Boy Scouts, will have their Christmas party outdoors, at the ball park Tuesday, December 22nd. A tree, gifts and refreshments will be enjoyed by the Cubs and their leaders. The party will be arranged by Captain Hudgins, who is chairman of the adult leaders, B. F. Dutton, the field commissioner, and Dale Leidig, Cub master. Mrs. Prolli, Mrs. Goddard and Mrs. Pelton, the Cub mothers, will also be present.

Zo' Elliott, well known as the author of "The Long, Long Trail," has left Carmel to spend the winter in Texas, enroute to Europe. While in Carmel, he occupied one of the Swain cottages on Ocean Avenue.

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**CARMEL LAUNDRY**

## CHRISTMAS SERVICES

There will be a Low Mass at six o'clock, a Solemn High Mass at eight o'clock with Father Regan from Santa Clara University, and Father Grady from Los Angeles assisting Father O'Connell, and a Low Mass at ten o'clock. The theme of Father O'Connell's sermon will be "The Meaning of Christmas." There will be a children's choir trained by the O'Connells.

Confessions will be heard all day Thursday. There will be no midnight mass.

The All Saint's Church on Monte Verde will hold a Candlelight Festival Service on Christmas Eve, followed by a children's program and Christmas tree in the parish hall. The services are particularly beautiful and it is hoped that many friends of the church will attend.

On Christmas morning at 8 the Celebration of Holy Communion will be held. Reverend Charles will speak at the 10:30 service on "The Meaning of Christmas."

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## What Movies and Where to See 'Em

### CARMEL THEATRE

Dec. 22—"A Midsummer Night's Dream". Dick Powell and Olivia de Havilland.

Dec. 23—"A Son Comes Home". Mary Boland and Wallace Ford.

Dec. 24—"Two in a Crowd". Joan Bennett and Joel McCrea.

Dec. 25, 26 — "Pigskin Parade". Johnny Downs and Dixie Dunbar.

Dec. 27, 28 — "Cain and Mabel". Clark Gable and Marion Davies.

### STATE THEATRE

Dec. 22—"Charge of the Light Brigade". Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland.

Dec. 23—"Three Married Men". Rosemary Karns and Misty Burke.

Dec. 24—"Women Are Trouble". Stuart Ervin and Florence Rice.

Dec. 25, 26 — "Thomas Knopf". Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan.

Dec. 27, 28, 29 — "Go West Young Man". Mae West, Randolph Scott, Warren William, and Lyle Talbot. Also "March of Time."

### GROVE THEATRE

Dec. 22—"Don't Gamble with Love". Ann Sothern and Bruce Cabot.

Dec. 23, 24 — "Girl's Dormitory". Simone Simon and Everett Marshall.

Dec. 25, 26 — "Charlie Chaplin at the Race Track". Warner Oland and Kaye Luke. Also "King of the Royal Mounted." Robert King and Rosalind Keith.

Dec. 27, 28 — "Last of the Mohicans". Binnie Barnes and Randolph Scott.

Dec. 29 — "Topper". June Whitter and Irvin S. Cobb.

### MONTEREY THEATRE

Dec. 22, 23 — "Thank You, Jeeves". Arthur Treacher and David Niven.

Dec. 24 — "Whoopee Chair". Ann Harding and Walter Abel.

Dec. 25, 26 — "Texas Rangers". Fred MacMurray and Jack Oakie.

Dec. 27, 28 — "Three Musketeers". Bob Livingston and Ray Corrigan.

Dec. 29 — "My Man Godfrey". William Powell and Carole Lombard.

### FILMART THEATRE

Dec. 22 to 24 — "There's Always Tomorrow". Frank Morgan, Binnie Barnes and Robert Taylor.

Dec. 25 to 28 — "Three Kids and a Queen". May Robson and Henry Armetta.

Dec. 29 to 31 — "It's Love Again". Robert Young and Jessie Matthews.

Dec. 29 to 31 — "Trans-Atlantic Merry-Go-Round". Nancy Carroll and Gene Raymond.

### Notice to Parents

The Christmas holidays are the finest time for parents to look to the health and well-being of their children. Colds, sore throats and the usual run of irritable ailments so prevalent at this time of year, should be cured before the resumption of school. Such was the plea of O. W. Sanderson, principal of Sunset school, to parents of school children.

Miss Marguerite Tischie spent last week visiting in San Francisco and Stockton.

The many friends of Dr. Wilson Davidson, who has been confined to the Carmel Hospital with a broken leg, will be glad to know that he is on the road to recovery and is receiving visitors at his home in Carmel Woods.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hargrave of the Point, entertained at a Tom and Jerry party in honor of Dr. H. Wetherell in honor of his 80th birthday. Many friends called to congratulate the guest of honor.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Abernathy entertained at a cocktail party on Sunday for a number of their friends.

Merry Christmas

from the

Normandy Inn

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**PSYCHOLOGIST TO CONDUCT****PSYCHIATRIC MISSION HERE**

At a meeting of a local study group, Dr. Cody Marsh was introduced to Carmel, and he in turn introduced some of his interesting theories.

Dr. Marsh, founder and director of the Re-educational Institute in Boston for open community treatment of nervous disorders, is considered in medical circles to be one of the finest practical psychiatrists in this country. He received his early medical training at Johns Hopkins and Albany Medical Schools. His post-graduate work was done at Columbia, and George Washington Universities. By way of getting the very necessary practical experience, he worked at the Kings Park State Hospital in New York, and the Worcester State Hospital in Worcester, Massachusetts. In all he has spent 14 full years training for his objective, a practical and workable form of psychiatry.

To those of us who are not too familiar with the various branches which comprise psychology, Dr. Marsh's interesting and easily understandable views on modern psychotic problems are of profound interest culturally, as well as being helpful in the solution of our everyday problems.

The idea of having Psychiatric Missions originated with Dr. Marsh. The purpose of these missions, which are similar to clinics, is to put into working order the group approach to nervous ills by dividing the people into homogeneous groups.

Dr. Marsh comes of pioneer stock, being a cousin of Buffalo Bill Cody, and proves his inheritance of the pioneer spirit in his approach to the ideas and methods of modern psychology.

The most recent venture is his sanitarium, which he prefers to call a "monastery", in the Catalina Mountains near Tucson. He hopes that this rest home, in the quiet at-

mosphere of the desert, will be the first of many such "monasteries" to which people who have problems may retire to be refreshed and restored to a right perspective. He believes that only in a space such as a desert can one change the rhythm, and perception of time, of the individual. Away from the strain and speed of everyday living, it is possible to gradually slow down and to regain calm and poise so necessary to the restoration of a lost perspective.

Dr. Marsh hopes to return to Carmel on January ninth from San Francisco, where he is continuing his work dealing with human relations. He is planning to conduct meetings of groups which have been classified as the parents, the adolescents, the young single women and the aged.

It is anticipated by Dr. Marsh's followers that the meetings will be well attended, as they are open to the public, and provide educational benefit as well as relief for the problems which beset the average individual.

**Bennetts Celebrate Twentieth Anniversary**

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Beaumont celebrated their twentieth wedding anniversary with a small party in the Bell Room Saturday night.

Present were their four children, Dorothy, Jimmy, Bob and Betty; Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Beaumont, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. Donald McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. John Tish and Miss Leotta Ormond.

Asked to what he attributed his happy marriage Beaumont replied, "To my wife's good nature; for her it has been an endurance contest."

The couple spent their honeymoon riding at the San Clemente dude ranch in 1916.

*Merry Christmas*



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*Christmas Greetings*

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We have just finished paying our first installment with checks to cities, counties and districts, aggregating \$4,980,000.

The Company not only is the largest taxpayer in the State—it is the largest taxpayer in each of 25 counties. Every county, every incorporated city and town, every school and other district in which we operate, shares in the large amount of taxes we pay.

Our tax bills range from the \$1,549,418.39 paid to the City and County of San Francisco to only \$9.55 paid to the town of Biggs in Butte County. Biggs operates its own electric distribution system and therefore receives no taxes from that property.

In addition to paying \$7,318,000 in local taxes, the Company pays a State corporate franchise tax of \$445,742. It also pays Federal taxes—taxes on electricity, taxes for social security, income taxes and other levies. All these will raise the Company's total tax bill for 1937 to approximately \$14,000,000—more than 14 per cent of the Company's entire annual income.

**Tax Payments****MONTEREY COUNTY**

Tax levies upon Company property in Monterey County for the fiscal year 1936-37 are as follows:

**COUNTY TAX**

Outside incorporated areas	• • • •	\$45,268.97
Inside incorporated areas	• • • •	59,455.59
		<b>\$104,724.56</b>

**CITY TAX**

Carmel	• • • •	\$ 1,567.76
King City	• • • •	1,350.48
Monterey	• • • •	7,700.16
Pacific Grove	• • • •	3,955.94
Salinas	• • • •	14,811.45
Solelola	• • • •	142.47
		<b>\$ 29,762.26</b>

Total taxes in Monterey County . . . . . \$112,482.82

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